A

FARMER's LETTER

ADDRESSED TO THE

GENTLEMEN OF LANDED PROPERTY

IN

IRELAND.

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Every Nobleman and Gentleman in the Kingdom, as well as Farmer, being materially interested in this well timed Essay, which first made its appearance in a new Publication, intitled the EVENING HERALD OR GENERAL ADVERTISER; which is rapidly hastening to an extensive Circulation not only on account of said Letters and various other Writings, acknowledged to be the best Productions that ever graced any News Paper in this Kingdom; but the unwearied attention and diligence of the Proprietors in obtaining the best materials, and information both foreign and domestic, and using every proper exertion in extending a universal Circulation thereof throughout the World.

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A

FARMER's LETTER

TO THE

Gentlemen of Landed Property

IN

IRELAND.

BEFORE the total rejection of the propoſitions offered by England to this kingdom, I amongſt the reſt, felt all the ſolicitude of one, who loving his country, could not be an unconcerned ſpectator of what engaged ſo deeply the fate of the nation.

I turned in my mind every argument urged by both ſides, but I confeſs, with-

out being able to form a clear idea, whether the benefits we were to receive, were not over-balanced by the price we were to pay for them.

One ſet of men were eager to ſhew that England was willing to grant us every thing that could make us ſuddenly a rich and powerful people: this opinion, indeed, had a great weight, (eſpecially when it was conſidered how probable it is, that one nation would not only divide its profits, but even injure itſelf, to benefit another country long viewed by her with a jealous look aſkance) beſides being ſupported by that virtuous and truly diſintereſted ſet of men, who give their unbiaſſed voices to every adminiſtration.

The oppoſite ſide maintained, that under the ſpecious pretext of regulating and extending your commerce, views were entertained deſtructive of your freedom and independence; and that one nation paid a ſubſidy to another for a protection it did not want, was in fact ridiculous, and what an high-ſpirited people would never ſubmit to.

Theſe

Theſe different opinions were debated with equal ingenuity and great heat—during this long ſtruggle, the minds of men were held in anxious ſuſpence; nor did I conceive in this turbulent period, that an humble voice could reach your ears amongſt the clamours of party, and the jars of contending intereſts.

Their total rejection has now produced a calm, and to the aſtoniſhment of the world, you have laid an heavy weight of taxes on the necks of your patient countrymen—the benefits you expected to receive, you were willing to pay 140,000l. a year for—and then for not receiving theſe benefits, you are yet content to pay this enormous ſum.

It may reaſonably be ſuppoſed, that theſe propoſitions coming from a country long practiſed in commerce (and our ſincere well-wiſhers beſides) contained the beſt, wiſeſt and moſt diſintereſted ſyſtem for us, who were not able, ſuch was the imbecillity of our underſtandings, to form one for ourſelves.

It was a glorious ſpectacle to behold a young and virtuous miniſter, his boſom

glowing with the bright flame of patriotiſm, exerting himſelf ſo ſtrenuouſly, for the good of a country, which he never ſaw; putting every engine in motion, turning every wheel, and exerting the whole weight of government to make them accept the gracious boon.

It was alſo, not a little ſurpriſing to ſee the bulk of an intelligent people, obſtinately refuſe the proffered bleſſing; happy Ireland, pour out thy ſoul in gratitude to thy dear, thy affectionate ſiſter England, who meant you ſo well; who ever ſince the Revolution, has been leading you ſtep by ſtep to the vaſt proſperity you now enjoy: with all the fond ſolicitude of an ever watchful parent, ſhe anxiouſly looked forward to your riſing greatneſs—ſtill does ſhe dread the thoughts of giving from her careful hands, the leading ſtrings, with which ſhe has ſo long held you, "leſt at any time you might daſh your foot againſt a ſtone."

She has provided you a guard of twelve thouſand men in peace, of five in war—not to protect you from foreign invaſion it would ſeem, ſo much as domeſtic trouble.

Your

Your Volunteers, once fondly thought the ſacred guardians of your rights, whoſe drums never beat in your peaceful villages, but every heart throbbed with joy;—arrayed in military pomp, they were viewed with veneration and love, not with fear and jealouſy; for they were your brothers, ſons and friends; every heart was in union with their cauſe, for it was the cauſe of freedom. Bleſſings warm from the heart, were ſhowered on their heads—wherever they marched, they were received with unfeigned affection, whilſt the air reſounded with the ſhouts of their applauding countrymen.

The admiration of foreign nations, the pride of your own! the friends of liberty viewed them with rapture and joy, its enemies with deſpair and ſorrow—a blot was endeavoured to be dropt on that fame, that was as fair as Diana's viſage; their very memories were wiſhed to be obliterated, or ſunk into a mercenary militia, who bid as fair to ſtand high in the opinion of their fellow citizens, as the Fencibles of honourable memory! Nor is England willing to do things by halves, long has

ſhe

ſhe taken care even of your ſpiritual concerns, denying herſelf the aſſiſtance, of many of her moſt holy and pious men; ſhe has ſent them, and will, pleaſe God, continue ſo to do (having always a freſh ſet ready) to enlighten you by their preaching, and improve you by their good examples; our young clergy ſtrive to emulate their virtues, though hopeleſs of ſucceeding to their dignities.

But to proceed to the main object of this addreſs, it is certainly wiſe in a nation to eſtabliſh manufactures and extend her commerce; it is the means of becoming rich, populous and great; but it muſt be obſerved that the baſis of commerce, ſhould reſt on an enlightened ſyſtem of agriculture. This muſt be your ground-work, on this ſure and firm foundation only, can you hope to build with any proſpect of ſucceſs.

Otherwiſe, let your foundation be ever ſo broad, and build on as rapidly as you will, you may have the mortification of finding your work narrow every day, and like a pyramid, at laſt end in a point.

Commerce

Commerce at the beſt is precarious, a rival nation may underſell you abroad in your favourite manufacture, or even in your own market; the truth of which, I believe, we feel at this day; while the rage of introducing manufactures continues, beware leſt you do too much, and graſping at a ſhade, neglect your true intereſt.

I would have you encourage them with frugality. A manufacture may be a burthen to you, by exceſſive bounties on its ſubſiſtence; take care it does not abſorb the profits of its induſtry, nor let indulgence exceed the pace of labour.

If the manufacture be an exotic, ill calculated for our climate, large bounties may give it being and force it into exiſtence; it will ſwallow up ſo much that the hand of liberality cannot be ſtretched to other branches, which may require its aid; left to itſelf it may probably languiſh for a time, and ſicken ſo as not to be worth your farther aſſiſtance. I would not have the benevolence of the nation, waſted on

precarious

precarious manufactures, nor draw from the earnings of honeſt induſtry, to ſupport what may never come to perfection.

No manufacture can be of real uſe to a country, that will not force its own way, firſt opening the channels through which it is to flow.

People may propoſe eſtabliſhing works on a large ſcale without capitals of their own, but depending on the aid of Parliament, they may call thouſands into immediate employment; but ſhould your potent neighbour, with jealous eye and immenſe capital at command, underſell you in this favoured branch; what then becomes of all theſe wretched beings, are they not to be added to the claſs of thoſe, whoſe clamours, have diſgraced your capital—ſwarming your ſtreets with beggary, inebriation and idleneſs? where then are all your viſions of ſudden wealth, vaniſhed with the flimſy fabric?

The flouriſhing, rich and populous towns of Bermingham, Sheffield, Mancheſter, &c. that form ſuch a mortifying contraſt with the beſt of our own, did they not arrive

at

at this greatneſs by the large capitals and unwearied induſtry of individuals, whoſe all was at ſtake; and conſequently, whoſe all depended on bringing to market goods cheaper and better than their neighbours; and where did they get this wealth originally from, that enabled them to catch at the firſt openings of commerce, but from their agriculture.

But are we now in the ſame ſituation that England was; when ſhe began to extend her commerce ſhe was a populous, rich and powerful nation; did ſhe not from her own boſom pour forth armies that like a deluge, over-ſpread the mighty kingdom of France; her troops invincible; from whence were they taken but from her gallant yeomanry, the ſons of agriculture; her country ſwarmed with people, her fields waved with plenty, her peaſantry well fed, robuſt; her yoemen independent.

I hope it will not be imagined by this, that I would ſeem to have no regard to the great utility of manufactures, or am ignorant of their benefits to a country; the fact is, I am ſo throughly ſenſible of it, that I know of but one thing in the world that can come in competition with them in point

of real advantage to the nation, and that is your agriculture; the true ſource of greatneſs, the ſtamina of all countries. It is here my countrymen, I would wiſh to gain your attention; you ſee it is poſſible for a country to be rich and powerful, and I may add happy, even without many manufactures, or an extended commerce.

Be aſſured, that unleſs you are more attentive to the true intereſts of your country, by encouraging your poor farmers, you will be miſerably deceived in the end, and after running a circle of vexatious trials be ultimately obliged to come back to that very point, from which I now warn you to ſet out; namely, to let the foundations of your commerce reſt on a proper ſyſtem of agriculture.

Throw your eyes around ye great landlords, for it is from you redreſs muſt come; look which way you will—view your country from end to end, and ſee if poverty, diſtreſs and miſery, does not pervade the whole.

Behold the hovel of your peaſant, black and comfortleſs, built with mud, and covered ſlightly with potatoe-ſtalks, ſods, or a little

a little ſtraw; a chimney compoſed of an old bee-hive; an hole to admit the light; —if the wind be too ſharp, ſtraw is ſtuffed in, &c. this is the only ſhutter it has at night; the door, indeed in ſome meaſure ſerves for a window, by freely admitting along with every breeze that ſtirs, a large portion of light through its wide chinks: round a wretched fire, gleaned from the neighbouring hedges ſits the aged grandmother and numerous offspring, ſqualid, pale, naked and half-ſtarved; their ſole employment, gathering dry ſticks to boil their potatoes, the unvarying food of this wretched family; a ſcanty portion of theſe are diſtributed amongſt them; the larger part is taken off by the wife in a wooden platter, tied up in her gown and carried to the father for his dinner—through froſt or ſnow, or rain, or biting winds, or parching heat; bare-foot, ſhe daily takes him this food above a mile perhaps——beneath the ſhelter of an hedge ſhe ſits by his ſide 'till he has finiſhed his chearleſs meal—dry—dry—dry—through the whole year.*

* A celebrated Tour-writer endeavours to make you ſmile at his deſcription of a pig in an Iriſh cabbin, with his noſe in the ſame platter of potatoes with the reſt of the family, and ſays that "though this is not ſo poetical

I allow, that ſome are enabled to keep an half ſtarved cow, and others arrive at the luxury of ſour milk, but theſe claſſes are not numerous; many are they who feed on buck potatoes, happy if they can even get enough of this wretched food.

How chearily muſt he go to his work ſo fed,--ill-clad--with what comfort does he look to the reward of his daily toil, ſixpence.

The hearth-money man is now come to viſit them, he ſeizes the pot that boils their potatoes, or the rug beneath which, on

poetical an idea, is far preferable to the broken cups and ſaucers that grace the ſhelf of the Engliſh peaſant; the Iriſh cottager," continues he, "has pigs and poultry, his apparent poverty is greater than the reality."

Unluckily the reverſe of this is exactly the caſe; for his poverty, indeed, is beyond compare—has he a pig? 'tis for his maſter at Chriſtmas, to whom he is always miſerably in debt—has he poultry? the eggs go every morning to the maſter and miſtreſs, who cannot breakfaſt without them——If the miſtreſs can procure wheels through intereſt, or if her huſband is a member of the board, ſhe very charitably gives them to the poor women on her land, and only aſks in return, ſo much flax to be ſpun by them for her fee; in fact, ſhe gets the wheels for nothing, and ſells them to the poor.

on a ſcanty portion of ſtraw lie the wretched family.

Gracious heaven! and do ſuch as theſe help to pay ſtanding armies, and ſupport the luxury of place-men and penſioners; could not this tax on the unfortunate be done away?

This being the ſtate of your neglected peaſantry, how fares it with thoſe of an higher claſs? your farmers who hold from fifty to two hundred acres of land, you will ſuppoſe their ſtate at leaſt eligible; a man who holds a farm of that magnitude ſhould be a man of ſubſtance. Let us ſee:

This man's habitation is not much better than the hovel of the cottager; the furniture of a piece with the reſt, a few wooden veſſels, trenchers ſeldom or never ſoiled with meat, two or three pots and a couple of ſtools, compoſe the whole; the children ſquat, half naked and barefooted round the fire; a car, or plough, or barrow, ſtuffed into gaps ſupply the place of gates; lean horſes with drooping looks, milk kine with bones ſtarting thro' the ſkin, ſpeak but too plainly their miſerable and ſcanty paſtures; crops of corn ſtriving in vain for maſtery with

with weeds, evinces the incapacity of the owner to till his ground with effect.

A few mutilated aſh trees crown the whole; ſuppoſe his leaſe expired, hopeleſs of favour from an hard landlord, or his more unfeeling agent, he has made the place worſe than it was poſſible to conceive.

Propoſals to be received and kept *ſecret* 'till ſuch a day, when the tenant will be declared; could he have left his place in tolerable order, he conceives it would be enhancing the value of it, for which he would be made to pay, even for his own improvement.

With trembling hand he gives in his propoſals, with palpitating heart he waits on his lord!* "You have not bid high enough—mend your propoſal, you are outbid—can it be his neighbour, his friend to whom he has unboſomed himſelf with confidence, that out-bids him? Oh! cruel ſyſtem, barbarous policy, that unbinds the bands of ſociety, and cuts aſunder the ſtrongeſt ties of men; ultimately ruining yourſelves, by putting the lands of the kingdom up to public cant. "'Tis better worth

* This is literally true, a great man now deceaſed, uſed to brow-beat his tenantry in this manner, and helped to bring in this odious ſyſtem of ſecret propoſals.

worth your while," ſays the wily agent, "than any other perſon to give the higheſt for it;" thus ſpiriting up the unfortunate wretch to his deſtruction, who conſiders that if he cannot pay his rent, he may become a cottager at leaſt; he accordingly mends his propoſal, encreaſes his Lord's rent-roll, adds to the agent's fees, pays two guineas for leaſes, and ſigns himſelf ſlave for thirty-one years longer; or if a proteſtant, three lives are annexed.*

Behold your Yeoman;—and have I in this ſketch exceeded the bounds of ſober truth? I appeal to yourſelves you great, if in any one moment of your exiſtence, you ever turned your eyes from the proſpect of places, penſions, ribbands, ſtars and glittering coronets, to behold the humble dwellers upon earth.

Our Yeoman is now ſettled on his farm, at a rack rent 'tis true; but induſtry, we may ſuppoſe, will do much, if left unſhackled with hard labour he might pay his

* If any one reads the leaſes of his Grace—, or the Marquis of—-, or Lord—-, or Lord—-, or Mr.—, he will ſee ſuch a ſyſtem of ſlavery as is aſtoniſhing; beſides the rent-fees, &c. &c. there is duty fowl, duty turf, duty horſes, duty work,—ſad remains of feudal oppreſſion; they cannot even mortgage their farms, without the conſent of their Lords, &c.

his rent, and with favourable times, might look to lay up a little for his old age: vain imagination!—ſuperadded to what the reſt of the community pay in taxes to government, he has the grand-juries to tax him—vexatiouſly tax him--he pays the whole tax of the country, his maſters having wiſely as well as humanely, ſhifted theſe matters from themſelves--they ſit free on their demeſnes ſo make what roads they pleaſe, no matter how uſeleſs, to oblige people; no matter how worthleſs--the money applied, no matter how ſcandalouſly; for poor farmer you muſt bear it all, you have the comfort of ſeeing from ſixpence to a ſhilling an acre, perhaps added to your rack-rent--we might ſuppoſe an enlightened government would not ſuffer the ſubject to be doubly taxed, by the great council of the nation collectively, and by the grand-juries alſo--hard meaſures; yet even ſo, and with diſadvantage of fluctuating corn-markets, you might live, but the largeſt is ſtill behind, the colloſſus of oppreſſion ſtands over you to bind your mind and body in everlaſting chains

Know you not, that the ſons of the prophets muſt have pottage, your *tythes* are yet unpaid, ye miſerable ſons of the earth,

earth, and 'tis you alone who are ſingled out, to ſupport in ſplendor a numerous and luxurious clergy.

Oh! unwiſe anceſtors, ye who could lay your bold hands on the ill-gotten treaſures of voluptuous monks, unpriſoning their angels, why did you not advance one ſtep further, and aboliſh for ever the moſt heart-breaking, vexatious and impolitic tax that ever was impoſed on the patience of man; a tax that grows with his growth, a canker that conſumes his vitals, a tax on induſtry: good heaven! how unwiſe: the more the tiller of the earth toils, the more he pays; why ſhould its baneful effects be felt only by the moſt laborious and hard-working part of the community. The fat grazier eſcapes it, the mechanic, the tradeſman eſcapes it, that it may fall heavier on the head of the unfortunate farmer; ye manufacturers who are foſtered by ſubſcriptions and bounties, what if the tenth of your *induſtry* and hard earnings were annually to be claimed, your tumults would ſhake the capital.

Think not by this I would have the clergy unprovided for, thank heaven, there is little danger on that head; but is

"Humility ſo ponderous a virtue as to require ſix horſes to drag it along."

The farmer ſees with indignation the buſineſs of each pariſh done for fifty pounds a year, and yet the enormous ſums levied to ſupport the grandeur of men he ſeldom ſees, tho' carefully reminded of by their amiable Nuncio, the tythe-proctor, whoſe livelihood depends on giving them the higheſt price for their pariſh, and then ſqueezing the laſt farthing from the farmer; ſometimes has their zeal been attended with the loſs of their ears, ſometimes even with life,—What a ſyſtem!

Would it not be wiſe to alter or alleviate the farmers ſufferings in this point, even without taking a ſhilling from the vaſt revenues of the clergy. I never knew a farmer, rich or poor, who would not pay for the maintenance of theſe holy-men, even as high as he ever paid any one year for his tythe, only let the ſum be fixt, let it be aſcertained how much he has to pay; ſuppoſe an acreable charge, paid into the hands of the Hearth-money collector, giving the clergy a power to draw on the Treaſury for the amount of their ſeveral livings; then

then might government tax the aggregate of all this maſs of wealth, and be enabled to relax a little from the preſſure which they are forced to lay on the heads of the indigent claſſes of mankind.

Was the farmer relieved in this, he might ſum up to a certainty all his expences; and providing for them, might give his improving genius full ſcope, and unbroke in upon by annual-valuers of his crop, reap ſecurely the fruits of his honeſt induſtry.

Many good clergymen would rejoice that the mode was altered, as then they would be paid " not grudgingly, but with chearfulneſs." He has the tenth of your property, but that does not ſuffice; every event that happens your family, weddings, births, deaths, even the purifications of your women, &c. &c. benefit him equally, be they fortunate or calamitous to you; the enemy of mankind with his plotting head, could not have deviſed a ſurer method of diſuniting men from their paſtors, than by the introduction of tythes and ſmall dues; were theſe things altered for the better, many are the good effects which would follow; here would end at once thoſe noc-

turnal riſing of the oppreſſed peaſantry, a ſurer method of quelling this dangerous ſpirit than any yet deviſed; more ſure and certain than hoſts of armed men, or even than a *Police Bill*; even ſuppoſing that government arms with croſs-bows, every one of their holy brotherhood.

"Give your peaſantry property and you give them *police*." Mr. FLOOD.

You ſee what difficulties your poor farmer labours under; hence the miſerable ſtate of your tillage, the ruined face of your country; you ſet him land at a rack rent, you weigh him down with taxes, you leave not even his induſtry free, you then wonder at his wretched habitation; though you know he had no property when he came on your lands, the truth is, you care not—you receive your rents and there your wiſhes end. Be more liberal, build for him,—your neighbours do ſo for their tenantry, make his abode like that of an human creature, enable him to feed better; and then ſee whether he is in fact, that lazy raſcal whom no encouragement will mend, an appellation that you are ready enough to beſtow on him at home and abroad; a pitiful excuſe for

for your oppreſſion,—you ſay that encouragement ruins them, and the lower claſs of people muſt be kept down; ſo ſay the humane planters in the Weſt Indies, when accuſed of treating their Negroes unmercifully.

That the farmer looks upon his own condition as the moſt wretched of any other claſs, may be ſeen by his endeavouring to put out his children to trades, inſtead of bringing them up to his own profeſſion, to the manifeſt hurt, I may ſay certain deſtruction of your internal ſtrength.

Not even the bounties of the Dublin Society, can be of uſe, ſo perverted is every thing that was ever meant to do him good; you offer him bounties to bring his corn to Dublin, and he is ſtopped in the precincts of your city, where his ſacks are opened and a portion of his corn taken away; you make him pay for public ſcales which ſhould be free; you give with one hand and you ſuffer it to be taken by another.

The introduction of clover with judicious management, would be of the utmoſt utility to fertilize and renovate your worn-

out

out corn countries, exhauſted by everlaſting ploughings; to encourage this ſyſtem, a premium is held out of twenty ſhillings for every acre you ſow with clover agreeable to a mode preſcribed to be paid a year after the ſeed is ſown. If the premium is meant to benefit the poor farmer, I will aſk any man who knows the ſituation of theſe people, where they can, in the midſt of their ſpring buſineſs, in the deareſt time of the year, when every reſource is exhauſted to pay his rent, tythes, &c. where I ſay, is he then to procure five or ten pounds to lay out in clover ſeed, that he is unacquainted with the benefits of; and after all, to plough it in a manner, perhaps, contrary to his own ideas; of what uſe, I would aſk can this be to him, who has no money to lay out, nor if he had, would he like to expend it on what might be of precarious iſſue?

I ſpeak from facts: I know that this ſet of men would be glad to ſow clover, but I know alſo, that they cannot afford it though certain of being paid the bounty.

Amongſt the claimants, I'll venture to ſay, the Society will have no premium to pay thoſe

thoſe whom one might ſuppoſe they intended to benefit.

Have you a mind to be of real uſe to your poor farmer, give him the ſeed to ſow after his own faſhion; but to ſuch as are willing to follow the mode laid down by the Society, let a premium be ſuperadded, a ware-houſe might be opened in each tillage country, and the ſeeds delivered out to ſuch as really intended to ſow them; the ſeeds to be given to a particular ſet of men alone, this would be encouraging with ſome proſpect of ſucceſs; of what utility to farming in general, is the expenſive machinery in Poolbeg ſtreet? will the common farmer of this kingdom, be able to pay the enormous ſum of two guineas for a plough, when he can get one made at home to anſwer all his purpoſes, for leſs than a ſixth of the money?

Give ploughs and harrows, and rollers and horſe-rakes, as premiums to the beſt common farmers in each county; give horſe-hoes and hoe-ploughs, for the encouragement of drill potatoes, but do not let your gentlemen run away with all the premiums.

In

In each county town, a plough might be ſhown, which if approved of by a meeting of *real* farmers, might be kept as a pattern, and ploughs made after that faſhion would ſoon become general.

What if ſo much money was granted annually for theſe truly uſeful purpoſes?

You have in each county, a large uncouth building, of barbarous architecture and gloomy aſpect, within whoſe walls are pent up from twenty to fifty little wretches, of ſickly look, uſefully employed in knitting blue or yellow ſtockings, or ſpinning; uſurping the occupations of women; inſtead of a ſnuffling pſalm-ſinging maſter, ſet over them an ingenious mechanic ſkilled in the various arts of making every implement of huſbandry; let him teach the infant hands of theſe now uſeleſs children, (uſeleſs to themſelves and uſeleſs to the public) to faſhion after models, all ſorts of tools; here your farming Committees might ſit, and from hence be diſtributed your rewards to the induſtrious farmer: a portion of land appropriated to agriculture, allotted to each ſchool, ſhould be laid

laid out and cultivated in various modes by theſe little ones, who would then become when apprenticed out to farmers, uſeful and good ſervants.

And though I own that this would break in on their hours of ſtudy a little, yet it need not entirely hinder them from elevating their voices in the pariſh Church to the great comfort, if not delight of all the old women in the Pariſh; I do not meddle here with thoſe ſweet babes in your capital, who in white bands and yellow ſtockings, preceded by their maſters, in exact order march two by two, ſweetly ſinging Hallelujahs through your ſtreets; this is indeed, a truly edifying and chriſtian ſight, and no doubt, helps to draw down ſome of thoſe many bleſſings we enjoy; excluſive of the emoluments of their maſters, and the many fine and excellent ſermons, which the newspapers tell us Doctor——, and the Rev.—, and the Biſhop of——, preached ſuch a day for them, and all the money which was collected, from the pious congregations.

I meddle not with theſe:——

Are all theſe matters beneath the attention of Parliament? I truſt they are not.

Extend your fiſheries, work your coal mines, give bounties on your corn coaſtwiſe, or by inland navigation; guard your farmer from rapacious tythe-proctors, reſtrain the power of grand Juries from taxing him, let him feel himſelf a man: Then, and not 'till then, will he begin to breathe and ſee his fields under flouriſhing crops, his cottage look gay, his children well fed, well cloathed; a healthy and numerous offspring would ariſe; your kingdom improved in agriculture would encreaſe in population, from the overflowing of which, hands ſufficient would be found for the various manufactures that you then might eſtabliſh, with proſpects of certain ſucceſs; chearful induſtry would extend its bleſſings to the gloomy abode of the ill-fed cottager, now pining in wretchedneſs, rags and dirt; the ſad but never-failing attendants of extreme poverty.

His wages would be raiſed, and by drawing them into ſmiling hamlets, inſtead of living diſperſed on your lands, they would gradually civilize, and have ſome ideas of living like human creatures, peaceable and amenable to the laws.

You

You will then have a ſource of greatneſs, and real ſtrength within yourſelves, that the malice of your enemies cannot rob you of.

And it is to this my countrymen I wiſh to turn your thoughts, the road is open, 'tis the common cauſe of all, and calls for all your beſt endeavours to give it energy and effect.

Senſible I am, how weak my efforts are to place a ſubject of this magnitude in its true point of view, and more embarraſſing, as being my firſt eſſay; happy if theſe looſe thoughts ſhould meet the approbation of ſome one whoſe abilities and inclinations, would lead him to ſhew theſe matters in a more ſtriking light; and doubly happy, if the ſmalleſt good ſhould ariſe to the moſt uſeful and neglected claſs of men in the community, the patient tillers of the earth.

I ſhall conclude this ſketch with an extract from the writings of the incomparable ABBE REYNAL, the friend of man, who ſays in his Philoſophical Hiſtory of the European ſettlements in the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, vol. iv. page 484. Dub. Edition.

"Every thing indeed depends upon, and ariſes from the cultivation of land, it forms

"the

"the internal ſtrength of ſtates, and draws "riches into them from without. Every "power which comes from any other "ſource except the land, is artificial and "precarious, either in natural or moral "philoſophy.

"Induſtry and commerce which do not "act immediately upon the agriculture of "a country, are in the power of foreign "nations, who may either diſpute theſe "advantages through emulation, or de-"prive the country of them through envy.

"This may be done either by eſtabliſh-"ing the ſame branch of induſtry amongſt "themſelves, or by ſuppreſſing the exporta-"tion of their own unwrought materials, "or the importation of theſe materials in "manufacture. But a ſtate well manured "and well cultivated, produces men by the "fruits of the earth, and riches by thoſe "men.

"This is not the teeth which the Dra-"gon ſows to bring forth ſoldiers to de-"ſtroy each other—it is the milk of Juno, "which peoples the heavens with an in-"numerable number of ſtars."

FINIS.